GOLD KEY

CAVE KIDS GE

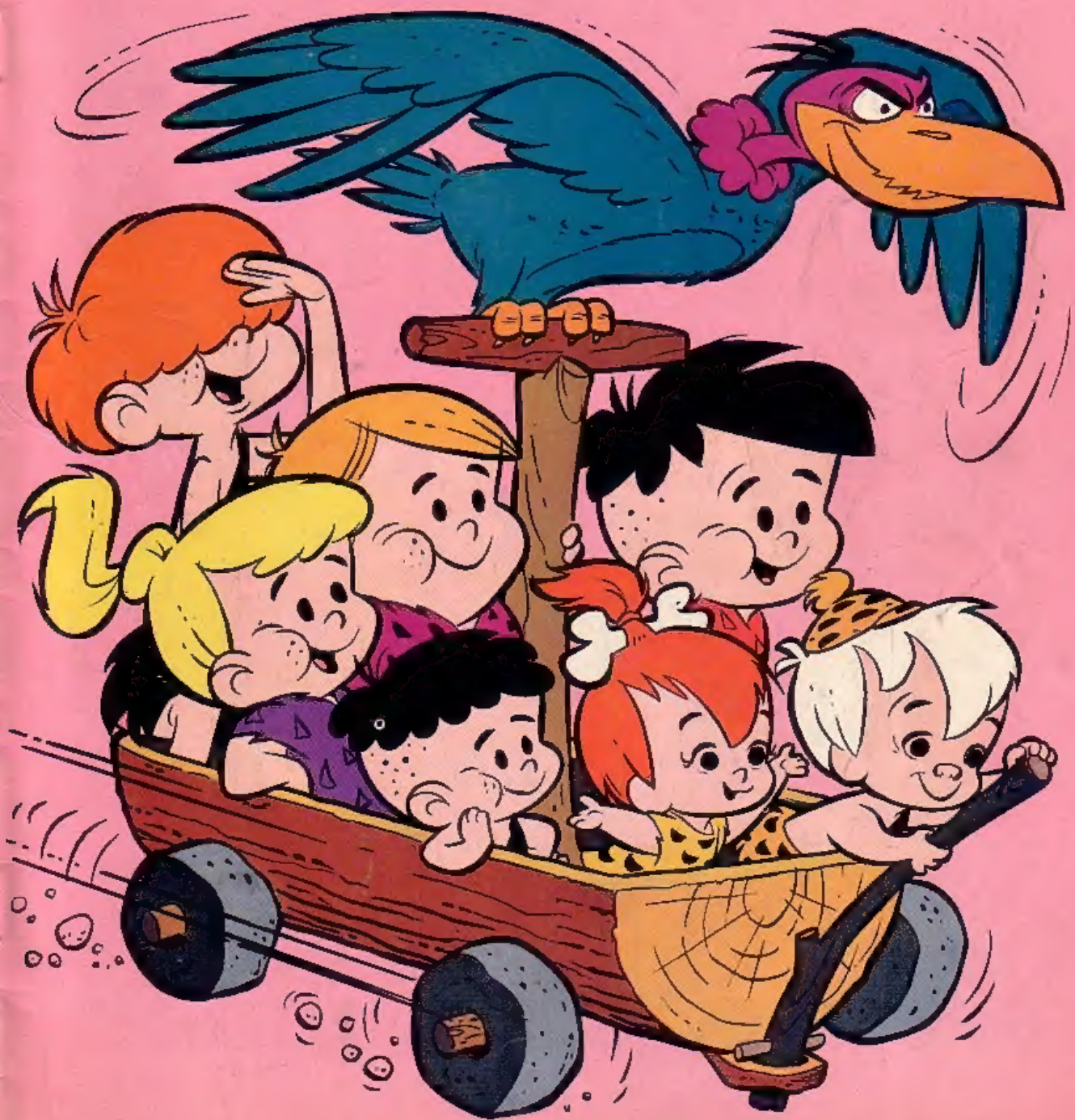
12c

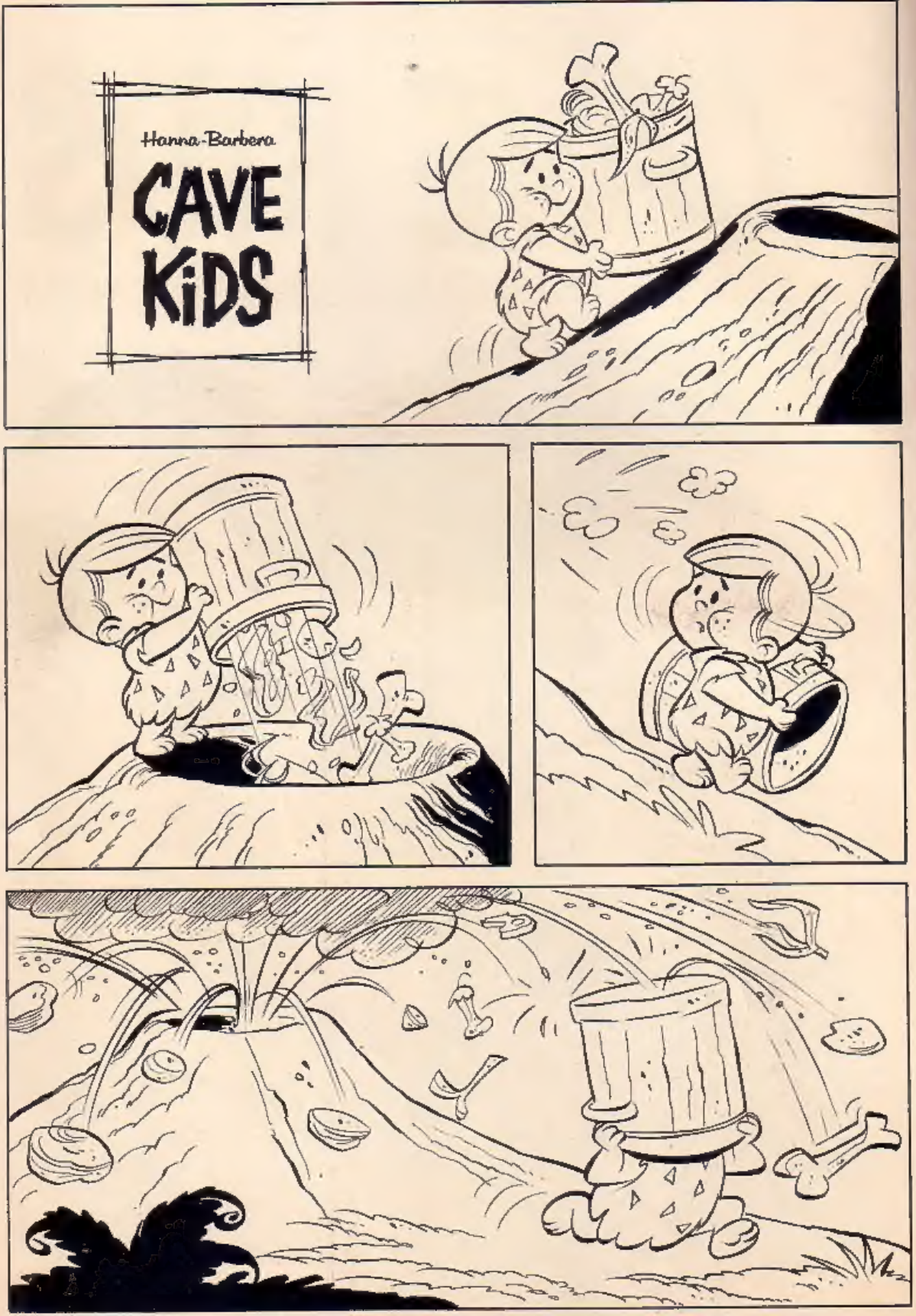
10044-506
JUNE

HANNA-BARBERA

CAVE KIDS

with PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM

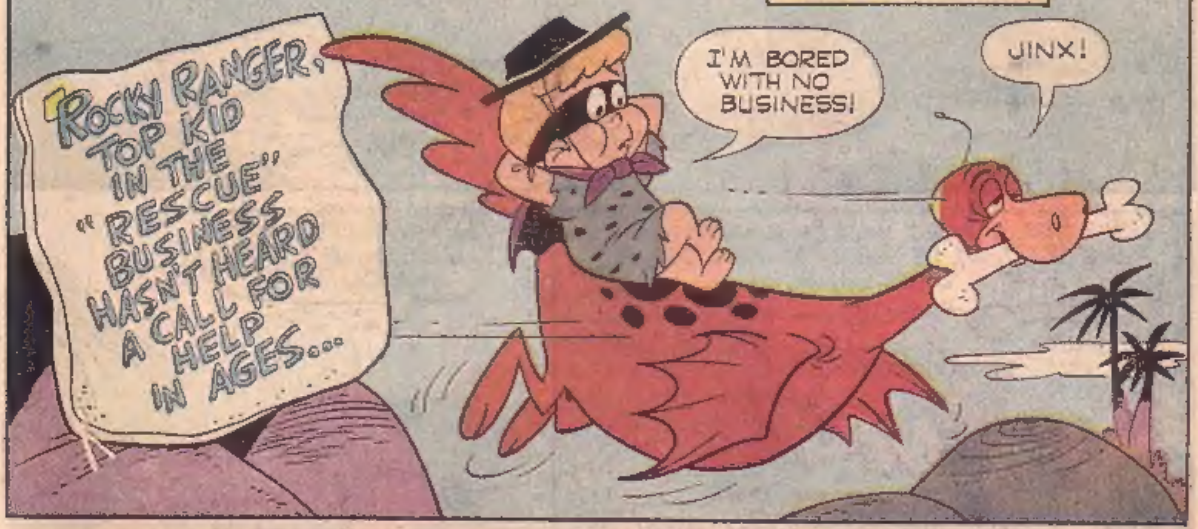


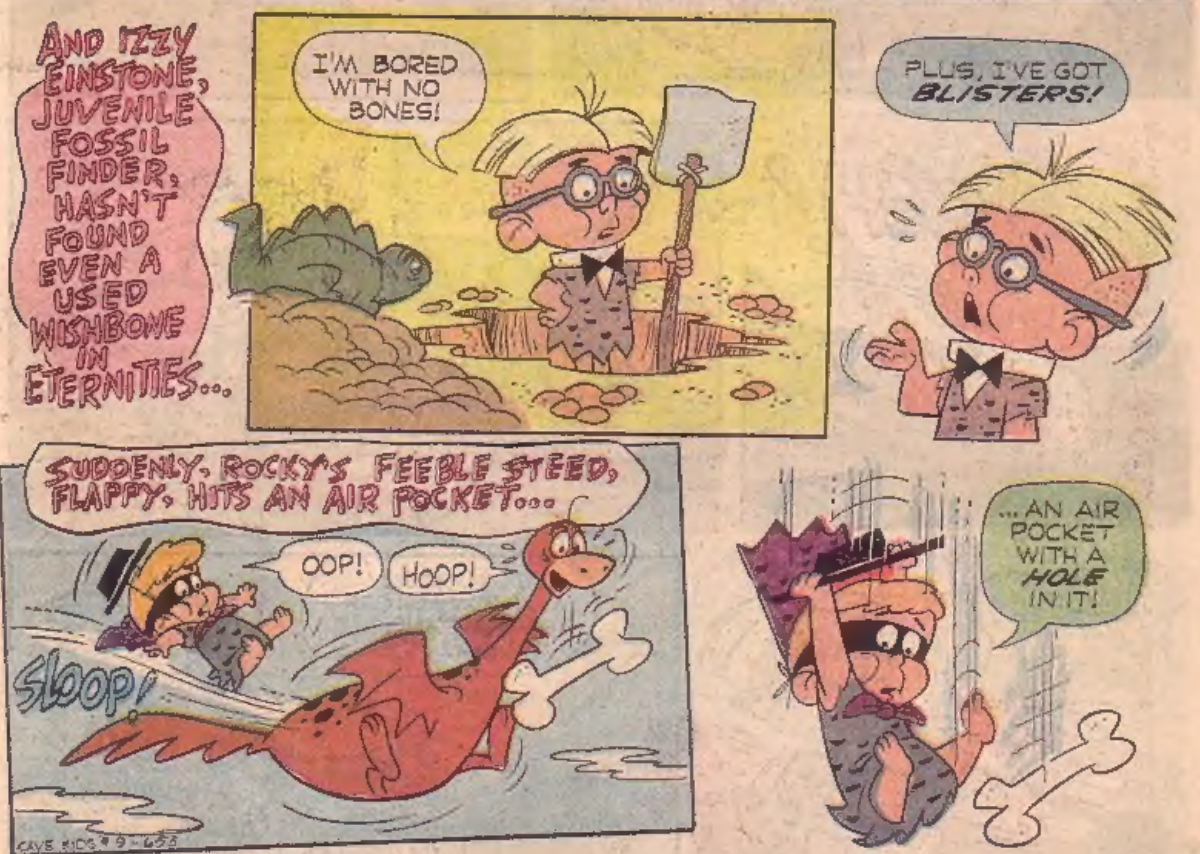

Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS

Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

THE PHONY FOSSILS




AND IZZY EINSTONE, JUVENILE FOSSIL FINDER, HASN'T FOUND EVEN A USED WISHBONE IN ETERNITIES...
I'M BORED WITH NO BONES!
PLUS, I'VE GOT BLISTERS!
SUDDENLY, ROCKY'S FEEBLE STEED, FLAPPY, HITS AN AIR POCKET...
OOP!
HOOP!
SLOOP!
...AN AIR POCKET WITH A HOLE IN IT!
CAVE KIDS # 9 - 65

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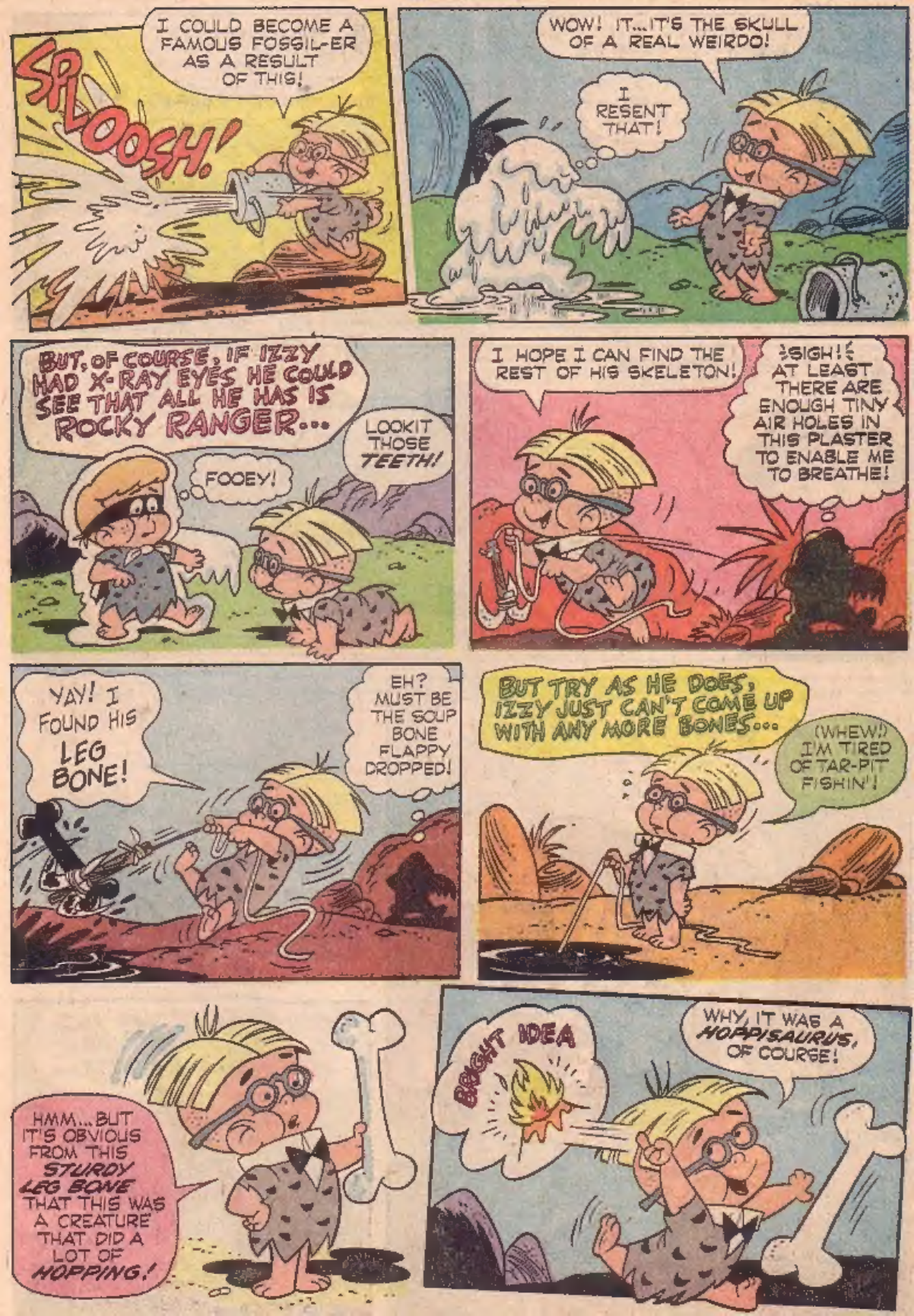
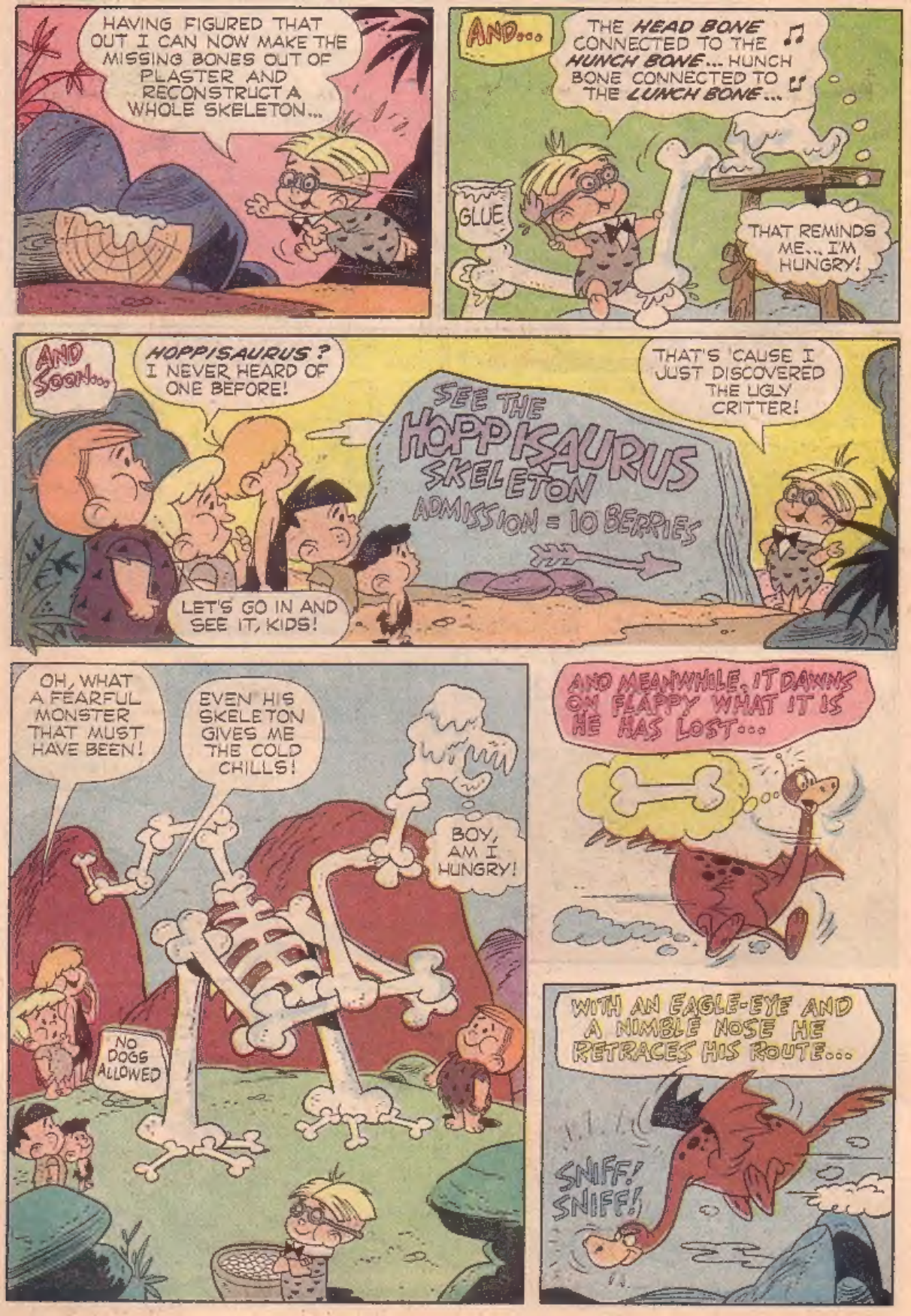
CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

AND FLAPPY FLIES ON, WITH A FUNNY FEELING THAT SOMETHING IS MISSING... ONLY HE CAN'T QUITE PUT HIS FINGER ON IT...
DUH-H!
SPLASH!
SPLOSH!
UGH! I'VE LANDED IN IZZY EINSTONE'S PLASTER THAT HE USES TO MAKE MOLDS OF FOSSILS...
GOTTA GET OUTA HERE!
(WHEW!) IT'S FAST HARDENING... I CAN HARDLY MOVE!
BLOSH!
OH OH!
FOR A CHANGE I'LL SEE IF I CAN FISH ANY FOSSILS OUT OF THE TAR PIT!
HEY! I'VE GOT A WHOPPER!
I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO WASH OFF THE GOOK AND SEE WHAT IT IS!


I COULD BECOME A FAMOUS FOSSIL-ER AS A RESULT OF THIS!
SPLOOSH!
WOW! IT...IT'S THE SKULL OF A REAL WEIRDO!
I RESENT THAT!
BUT, OF COURSE, IF IZZY HAD X-RAY EYES HE COULD SEE THAT ALL HE HAS IS ROCKY RANGER...
FOOEY!
LOOKIT THOSE TEETH!
I HOPE I CAN FIND THE REST OF HIS SKELETON!
SIGH! AT LEAST THERE ARE ENOUGH TINY AIR HOLES IN THIS PLASTER TO ENABLE ME TO BREATHE!
YAY! I FOUND HIS LEG BONE!
EH? MUST BE THE SOUP BONE FLAPPY DROPPED!
BUT TRY AS HE DOES, IZZY JUST CAN'T COME UP WITH ANY MORE BONES...
(WHEW!) I'M TIRED OF TAR-PIT FISHIN'!
HMM...BUT IT'S OBVIOUS FROM THIS STURDY LEG BONE THAT THIS WAS A CREATURE THAT DID A LOT OF HOPPING!
BRIGHT IDEA
WHY, IT WAS A HOPPISAURUS, OF COURSE!

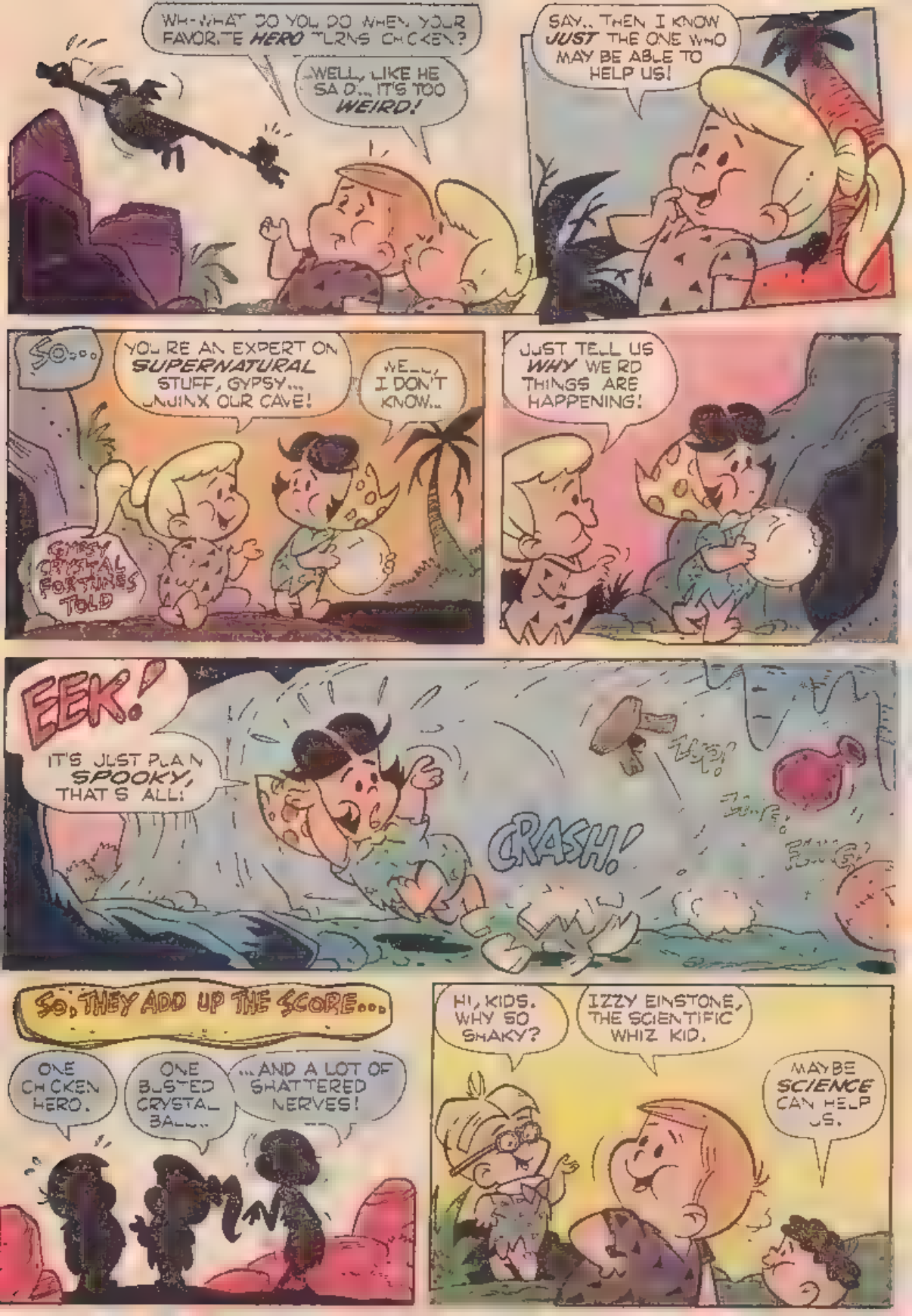

HAVING FIGURED THAT OUT I CAN NOW MAKE THE MISSING BONES OUT OF PLASTER AND RECONSTRUCT A WHOLE SKELETON...
AND...
THE HEAD BONE CONNECTED TO THE HUNCH BONE... HUNCH BONE CONNECTED TO THE LUNCH BONE...
GLUE
THAT REMINDS ME... I'M HUNGRY!
AND SOON...
HOPPISAURUS? I NEVER HEARD OF ONE BEFORE!
SEE THE HOPPISAURUS SKELETON
ADMISSION = 10 BERRIES
THAT'S 'CAUSE I JUST DISCOVERED THE UGLY CRITTER!
LET'S GO IN AND SEE IT, KIDS!
OH, WHAT A FEARFUL MONSTER THAT MUST HAVE BEEN!
EVEN HIS SKELETON GIVES ME THE COLD CHILLS!
BOY, AM I HUNGRY!
NO DOGS ALLOWED
AND MEANWHILE, IT DAWNS ON FLAPPY WHAT IT IS HE HAS LOST...
WITH AN EAGLE-EYE AND A NIMBLE NOSE HE RETRACES HIS ROUTE...
SNIFF! SNIFF!

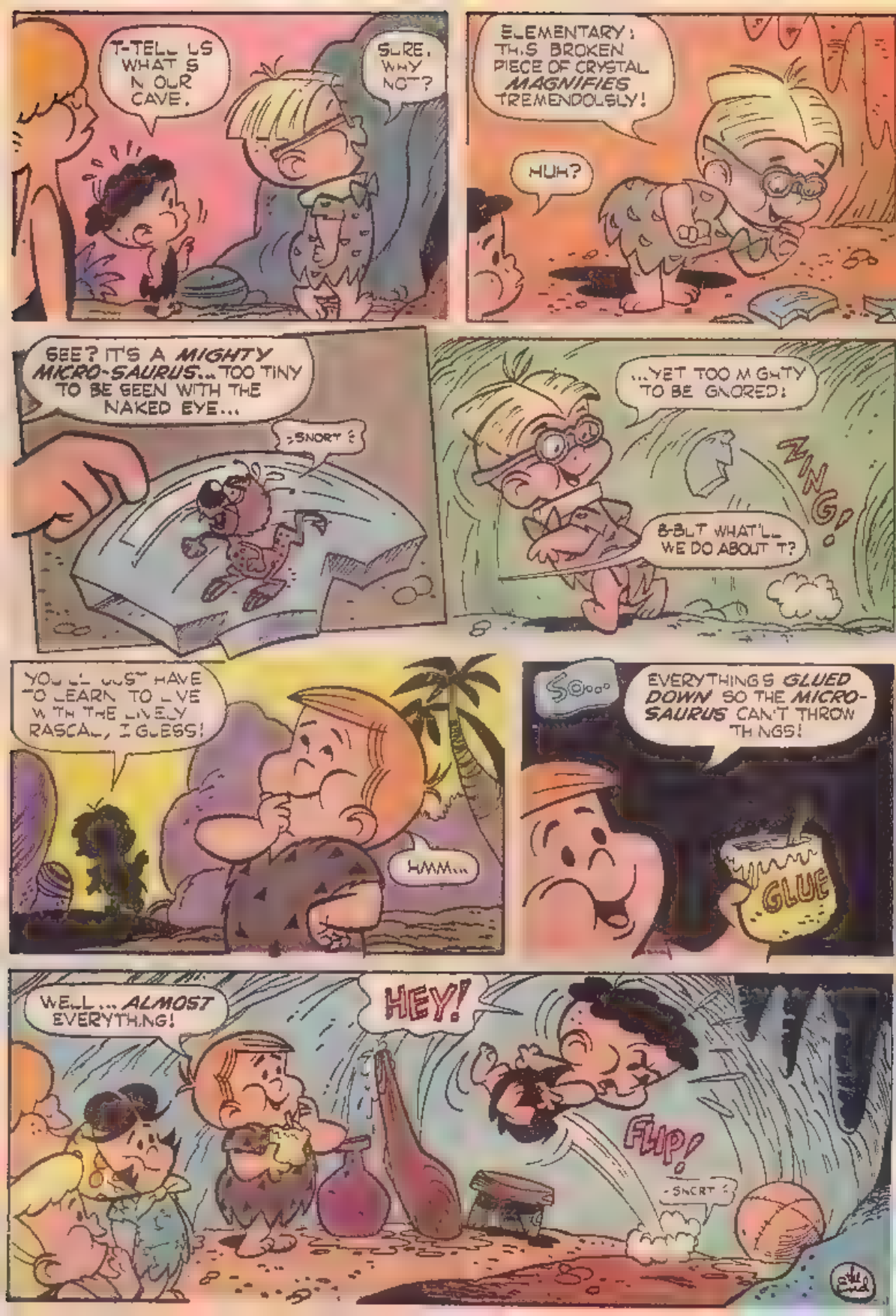
WHILE BACK AT THE BONE-SHOW...
LISTEN TO MY HUNGRY TUMMY GROWL!
GROWL-L!
WOW! A HAUNTED SKULL!
I'M S-SCARED!
YEAH! WE'RE REALLY GETTING OUR MONEY'S WORTH!
JUST THEN FLAPPY ZEROES-IN ON HIS BELOVED SOUP BONE...
WHOOPS! LOOK OUT FOR LOW-FLYING SAURUS CRAFT!
SUPBN!
ZOOM!
YMM!
HEY! LEGGO OF THAT LEG BONE!
ONLY A FLAPPYSAURUS AND HIS SOUP BONE ARE NOT EASILY PARTED, BUT A MAKESHIFT HOPPISAURUS FORM IS EASILY PARTED...
SUPBNZ-GOOT!
AWK! THE SKULL HAS CRACKED!
YOU BIG DUNCE! YOU'VE BUSTED-UP A GREAT SCIENTIFIC EXHIBIT!
CRASH!

SOMEBODY GIVE ME A SANDWICH, QUICK!
ROCKY RANGER!? H-HOW COME?
SO ROCKY EXPLAINS...
WELL, YOU SEE, WE HIT AN AIR POCKET, AND BLA... BLA... BLA...
AND WHEN THE TRUTH IS OUT...
WHAT? A PHONY SKELETON?
BUT IT WAS FUN WHILE IT LASTED!
IT RELIEVED MY BOREDOM FOR A TIME!
BOY! GAME HERE!
WELL, WHAT SAY WE ALL GO FOR A SODA!
OKAY!
YAHOO! OVER HERE, MEN!
HOLD IT, KIDS! THE FUN ISN'T OVER YET!
SO...
WHAT A LUCKY FIND!
OBVIOUSLY THE BONES OF A RIPPLE RIBBED HIPPYSNORTUS!
ER...YOU KIDS MAY WATCH, BUT NO SNICKERING, PLEASE... THIS IS SERIOUS SKULL-DIGGERY!

Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS
SMALL-TYPE MYSTERY
THE CAVE KIDS ARE QUIETLY MINDING THEIR OWN BUSINESS, WHEN MUCH TO THEIR HORROR...
BONK!
OW!
S-SMALL STUFF'S CLUB JUST HIT HIM... ALL BY ITSELF!
...AND FOR NO REASON!
EEK! NOW OUR BEACHBALL IS BEWITCHED!
BOOP!
BOP!
HALP!
CAVE KIDS
AND ONLY A HOP, FLAP AND A FLIGHT AWAY, ROCKY RANGER RISES IN RESPONSE...
COMING, KIDS!

HI-HO, FLAPPY-SAURUS!
HE EVEN TAKES A SHORT CUT...
BUT WHEN HE ARRIVES, THEY'RE ALL TOO SCARED TO TALK...
WHAT'S WRONG, KIDS?
CHATTER-CHATTER!
GULP!
ULP!
JUDGING FROM THEIR QUIVERING POINTERS, I ASSUME SOMETHING'S AMISS OR AMESS INSIDE...
EH? HOW CAN THAT BALL BOUNCE UP B-BY ITSELF?
EE-YOW! LET'S GO, FLAPPY! WEIRD STUFF LIKE TH-THIS IS OUT OF MY LINE!
BIP!
BAPP!

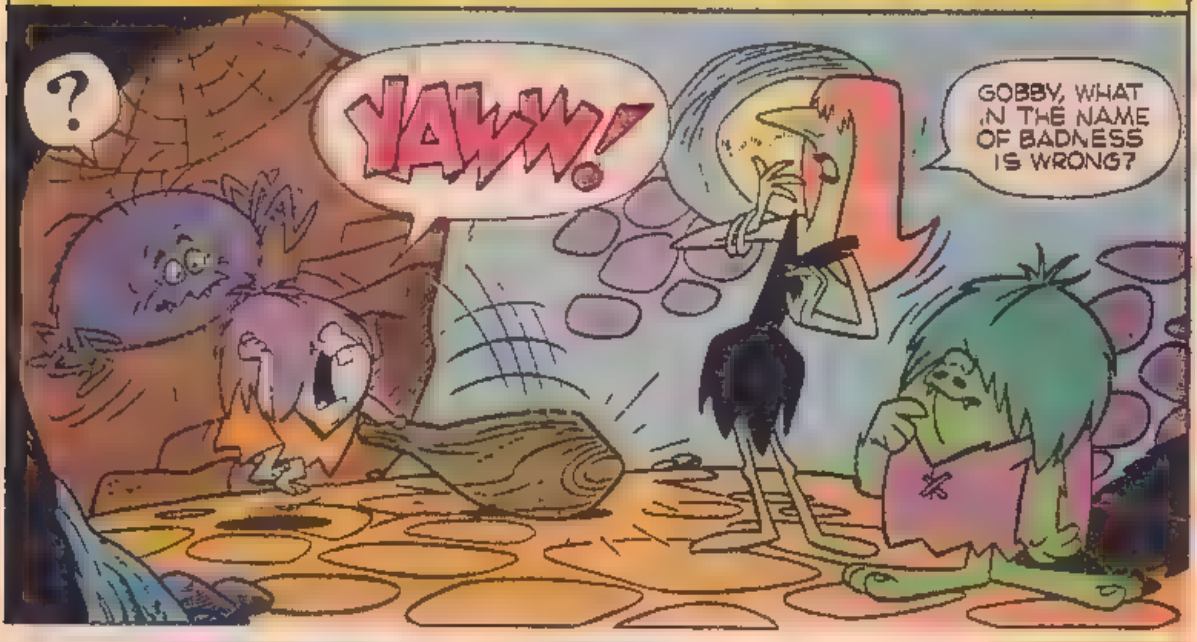

WH-WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOUR FAVORITE HERO TURNS CHICKEN?
...WELL, LIKE HE SAID... IT'S TOO WEIRD!
SAY.. THEN I KNOW JUST THE ONE WHO MAY BE ABLE TO HELP US!
SO...
YOU'RE AN EXPERT ON SUPERNATURAL STUFF, GYPSY... UNJINX OUR CAVE!
WE-LL, I DON'T KNOW...
GYPSY CRYSTAL FORTUNES TOLD
JUST TELL US WHY WEIRD THINGS ARE HAPPENING!
EEK!
IT'S JUST PLAIN SPOOKY, THAT'S ALL!
CRASH!
SO, THEY ADD UP THE SCORE...
ONE CHICKEN HERO.
ONE BUSTED CRYSTAL BALL...
...AND A LOT OF SHATTERED NERVES!
HI, KIDS. WHY SO SHAKY?
IZZY EINSTONE, THE SCIENTIFIC WHIZ KID.
MAYBE SCIENCE CAN HELP US.

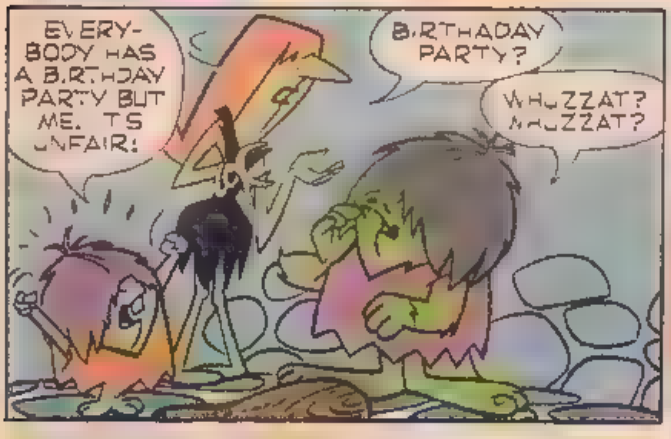

T-TELL US WHAT'S IN OUR CAVE.
SURE. WHY NOT?
ELEMENTARY: THIS BROKEN PIECE OF CRYSTAL MAGNIFIES TREMENDOUSLY!
HUH?
SEE? IT'S A MIGHTY MICRO-SAURUS... TOO TINY TO BE SEEN WITH THE NAKED EYE...
:SNORT:
...YET TOO MIGHTY TO BE IGNORED!
ZING!
B-BUT WHAT'LL WE DO ABOUT IT?
YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO LEARN TO LIVE WITH THE LIVELY RASCAL, I GUESS!
HMM...
SO...
EVERYTHING'S GLUED DOWN SO THE MICRO-SAURUS CAN'T THROW THINGS!
GLUE
WELL... ALMOST EVERYTHING!
HEY!
FLIP!
:SNORT:
THE END

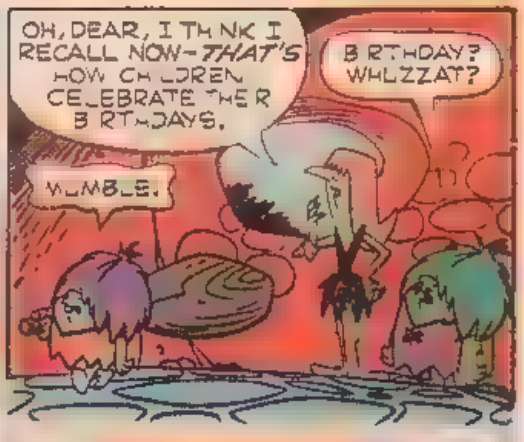
Hanna-Barbera

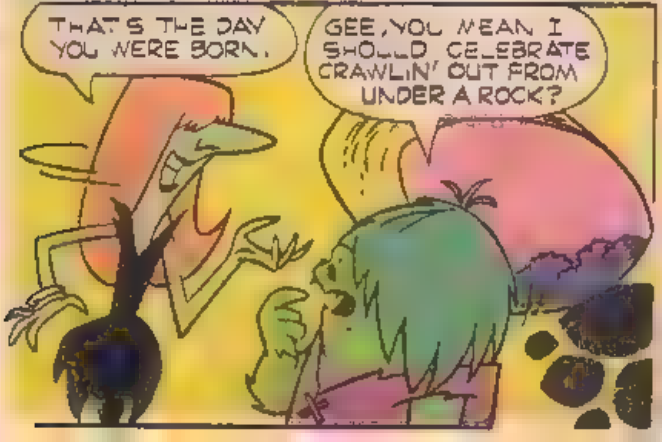
THE GRUESOMES

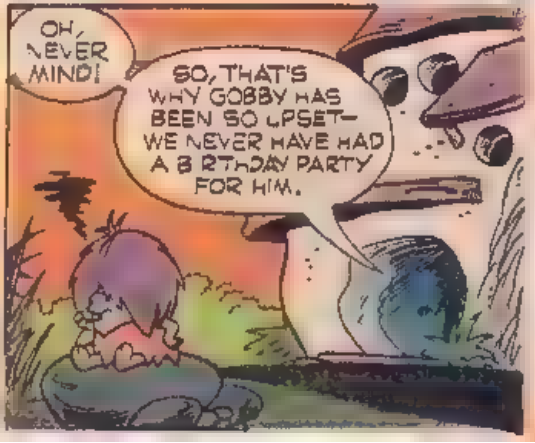
THE BIRTHDAY BLAST



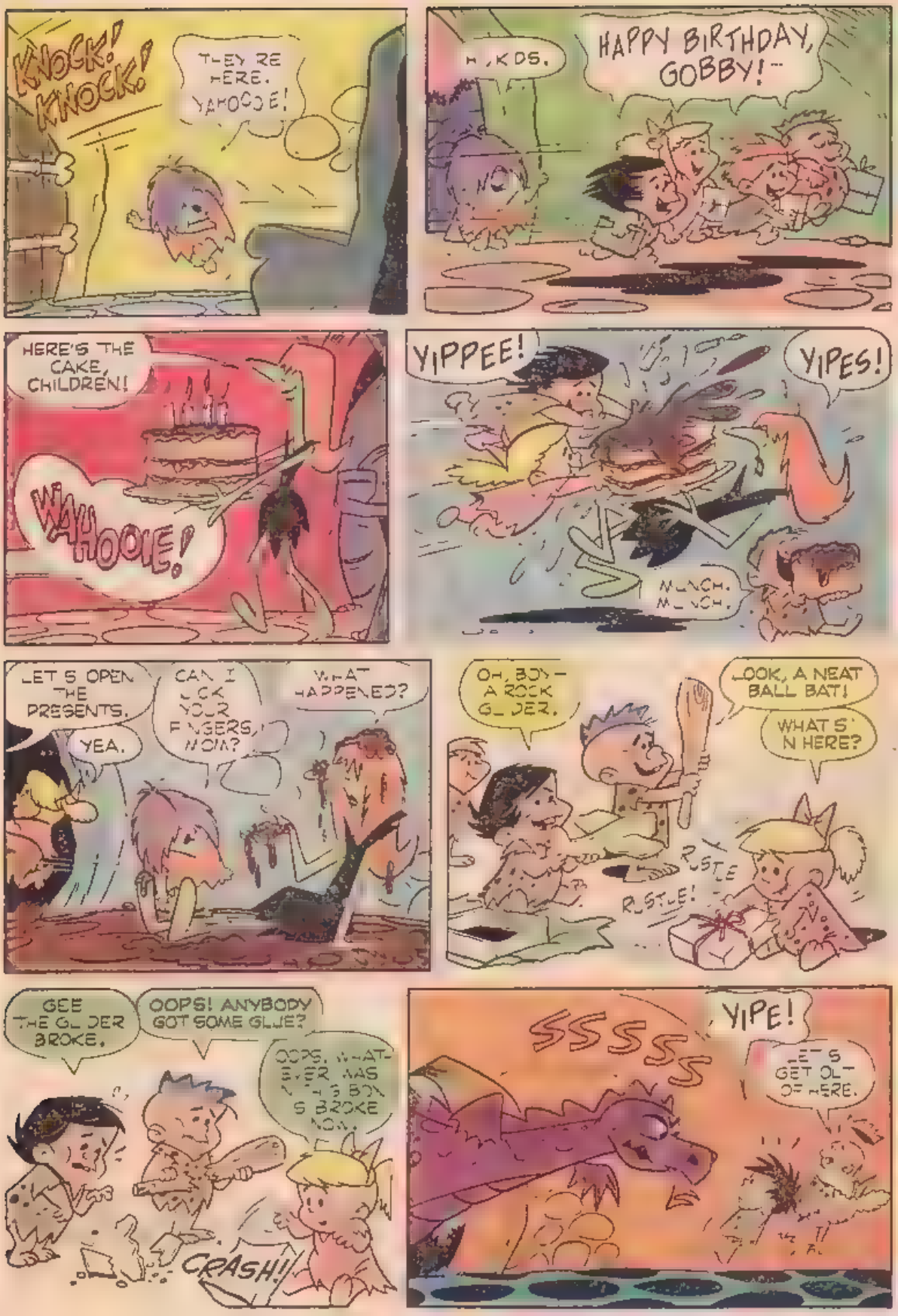


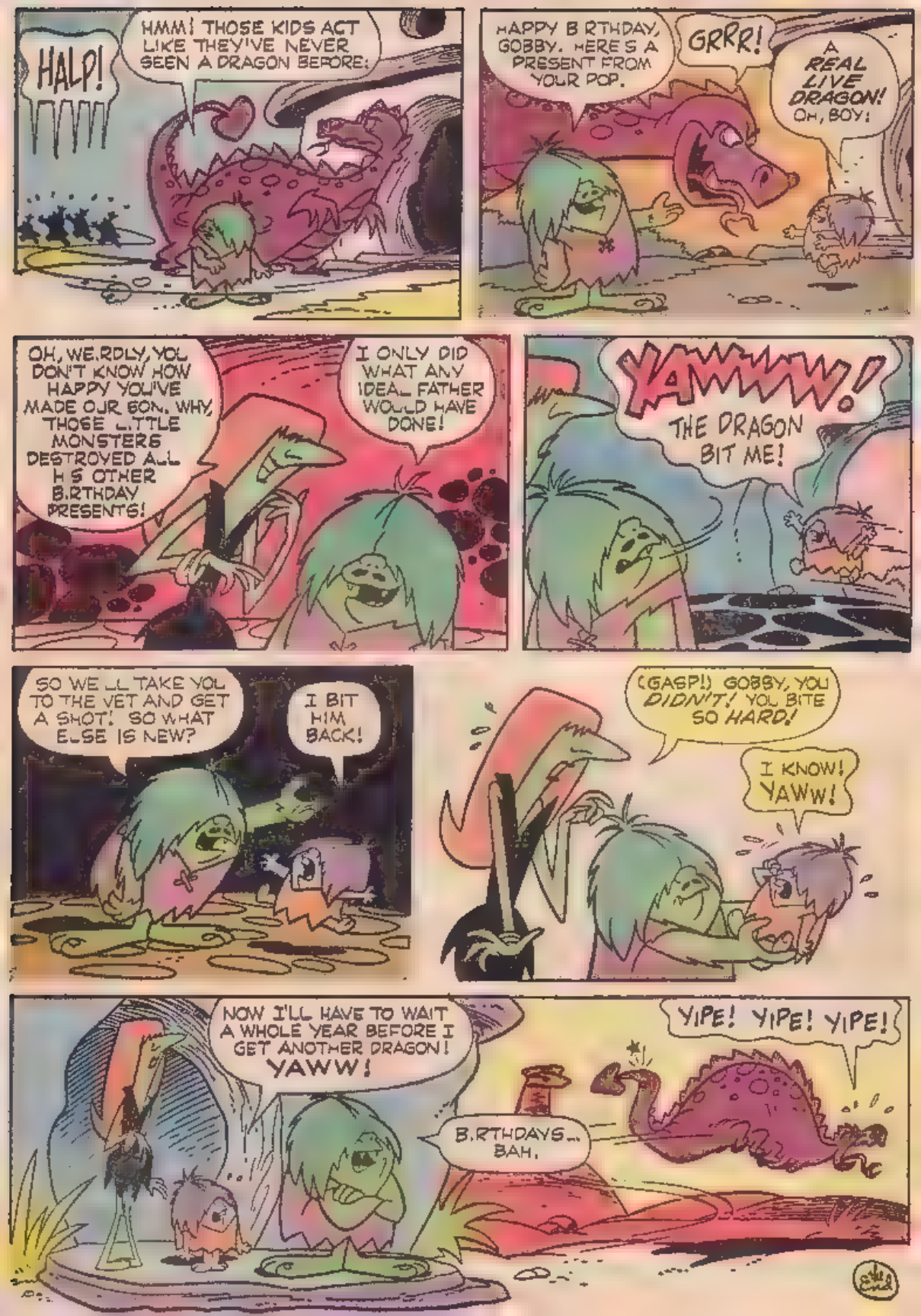


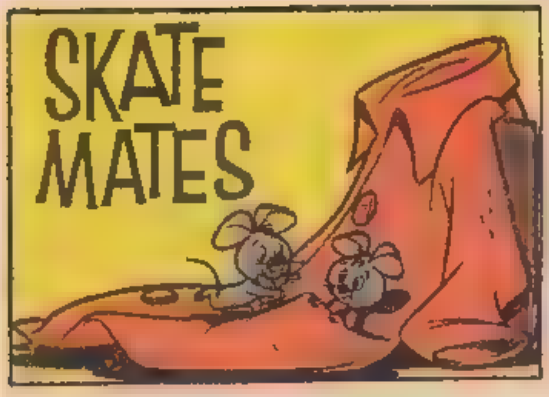




WHY, I'LL GIVE HIM A BIRTHDAY PARTY RIGHT NOW!
IT'S AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY— BESIDES I'VE LOST TRACK OF WHEN GOBBY CRAWLED OUT FROM UNDER A ROCK!
OH, HE'LL BE SO PLEASED— ESPECIALLY WHEN HE RECEIVES ALL THE PRESENTS!
PRESENTS?
YES, EVERYONE BRINGS A PRESENT— WHY, GOBBY WILL GET LOTS OF THINGS.
I'LL MAKE A CAKE! AND HIS LITTLE FRIENDS WILL BRING ALL KINDS OF TOYS AND GAMES.
WHAT GOOD ARE TOYS AND GAMES?
THINK OF THE FUN HE'LL HAVE BUSTING THEM.
OH, YEAH.
GEE, MAYBE I SHOULD GET GOBBY A PRESENT, TOO... AFTER ALL, I AM HIS FATHER— I LIFTED THE ROCK HE CRAWLED OUT FROM UNDER!
AND...
YIPPEE! I'M GONNA HAVE A BIRTHDAY PARTY!
YES, DEAR, AND THE CHILDREN WILL BE ARRIVING SOON.


KNOCK! KNOCK!
THEY'RE HERE. YAHOOOO!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, GOBBY!
NO!
HERE'S THE CAKE, CHILDREN!
WAHOOIE!
YIPPEE!
YIPES!
MUNCH. MUNCH.
LET'S OPEN THE PRESENTS.
YEA.
CAN I LICK YOUR FINGERS, MOM?
WHAT HAPPENED?
OH, BOY— A ROCK GLIDER.
LOOK, A NEAT BALL BAT!
WHAT'S IN HERE?
RUSTLE
RUSTLE!
GEE THE GLIDER BROKE.
OOPS! ANYBODY GOT SOME GLUE?
OOPS. WHATEVER WAS IN THIS BOX IS BROKE NOW.
CRASH!
SSSSS
YIPE!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.


HALP!
HMM! THOSE KIDS ACT LIKE THEY'VE NEVER SEEN A DRAGON BEFORE.
HAPPY B RTHDAY, GOBBY. HERE S A PRESENT FROM YOUR POP.
GRRR!
A REAL LIVE DRAGON! OH, BOY!
OH, WE.RDLY, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW HAPPY YOU'VE MADE OUR SON. WHY, THOSE L.TTLE MONSTERS DESTROYED A.L H S OTHER B.RTHDAY PRESENTS!
I ONLY DID WHAT ANY IDEAL FATHER WOULD HAVE DONE!
YAWWW!
THE DRAGON BIT ME!
SO WE LL TAKE YOU TO THE VET AND GET A SHOT! SO WHAT E.SE IS NEW?
I BIT HIM BACK!
(GASP!) GOBBY, YOU DIDN'T! YOU BITE SO HARD!
I KNOW! YAWW!
NOW I'LL HAVE TO WAIT A WHOLE YEAR BEFORE I GET ANOTHER DRAGON! YAWW!
YIPE! YIPE! YIPE!
B.RTHDAYS... BAH.



"Aw, please take us with you, Mr. Jinks. We are all dressed to go skating," said Dixie.

"Yeah, Jinksy," added Dixie. "Be a good skate and take us skating with you. We have our hats and coats on, all ready to go."

"No—N-O!!" shouted Mr. Jinks. "This will be the last time I get to go skating on the ice this year, and I don't want you meeces bothering me to pieces! We will never be skate mates! N-E-V-E-R!"

"Oh, all right for you," grumbled Dixie, but Pixie whispered, "Come on! We'll go anyway!" And he scooted over to where Jinksy's coat lay, calling, "Crawl into this pocket while Jinksy isn't looking."

Soon, Mr. Jinks put on his coat, cap and scarf, and picked up his shoe-skates and started off for the frozen lake. Pixie and Dixie kept as quiet as could be.

When Jinksy reached the lake, they peeked out of his pocket as they heard cheering from the other skaters on the shore. "Here comes the champ!" and "Hey there's that fancy skater!" shouted the skaters. Mr. Jinks waved at them, sat down and put on his skates, lacing them just right.

"Now!" Pixie signaled Dixie, as Mr. Jinks stood up. The two mice skittered down onto Jinksy's skates and settled themselves on the toes of the shoes, holding onto the ends of the shoelaces for safety. Soon, Mr. Jinks was skimming over the ice.

"Whee! This is fun!" laughed Dixie. "It sure is a thrill skating with Jinksy."

"Yeah," agreed Pixie. "But hang on, Mr. Jinks will be going into his fancy stuff in just a minute."

Pixie was right. Mr. Jinks began making figure-eights. Soon he was leaping and turning and twisting in the air. Pixie and Dixie hung on to the shoelaces for dear life, as the skaters on shore applauded. The cheering crowd spurred Mr. Jinks on, and with head high he proudly zipped across the lake.

Then Pixie and Dixie heard a terrifying sound — the ice was breaking. Ahead of them a long crack appeared. Mr. Jinks was too busy thinking of the fine figure he was cutting to notice the danger.

"Jump!" shouted Pixie, "and hang on to the ends of the shoelaces."

They jumped. Swinging from the shoelaces, they wrapped the strings about Mr. Jinks's legs and tripped him, just in time to send him sprawling over the ice to safety.

"You!" screeched Mr. Jinks, when he saw them still clinging to the shoelaces. "I will get you for this. You tripped me, you miserable meeces!"

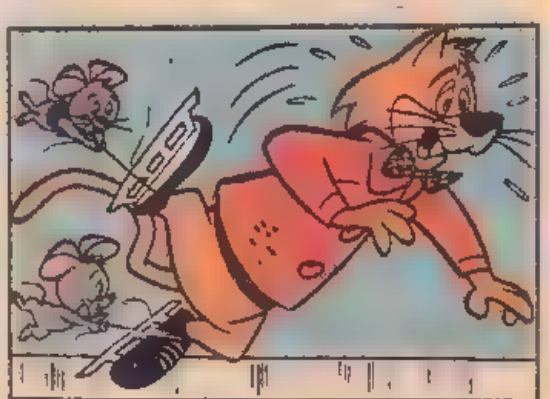
"Don't be hasty, Jinksy," grinned Pixie. "Look over there before you begin chasing us. What do you see?"

Mr. Jinks gulped, as he looked at the big crack in the ice which widened into a gaping hole not far away. Then he scooped up the two little mice and skated carefully away from the dangerous hole.

"Gee, thanks, fellars," he breathed, when they were safely on shore. "I didn't know the ice was that unsafe. I thought it was still solid, even though spring is almost here. How can I say it — like I love you two meeces to pieces?" As Mr. Jinks hugged his little pals, he exclaimed, "You're the best I'll skate mates anyone ever had."

"SKATE MATES??" echoed Pixie and Dixie.

"What else?" grinned Mr. Jinks. "And next winter we will be skate mates all season long. We'll even be roller-skate mates this summer, just to prove I mean what I say!"



Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS

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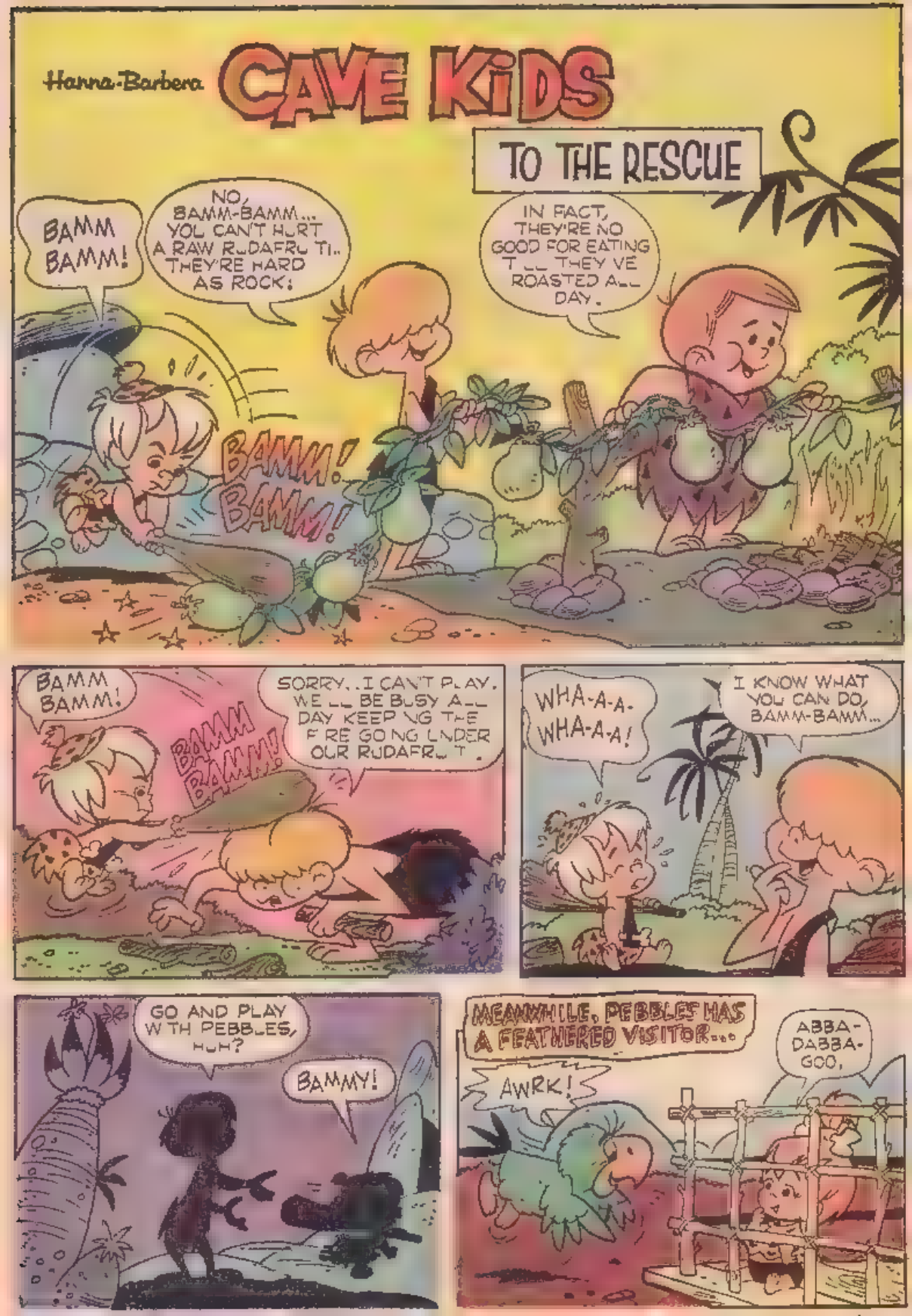
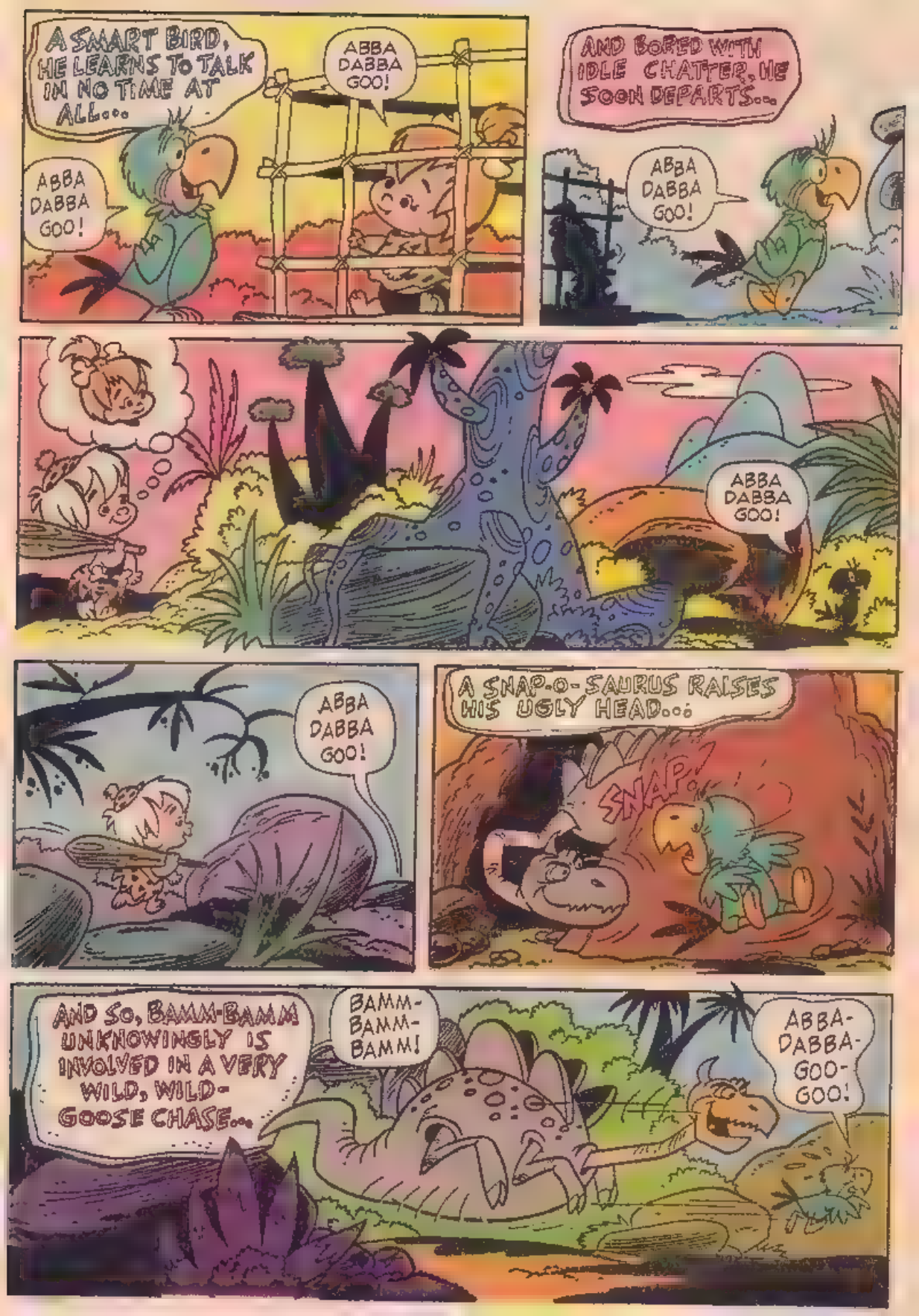
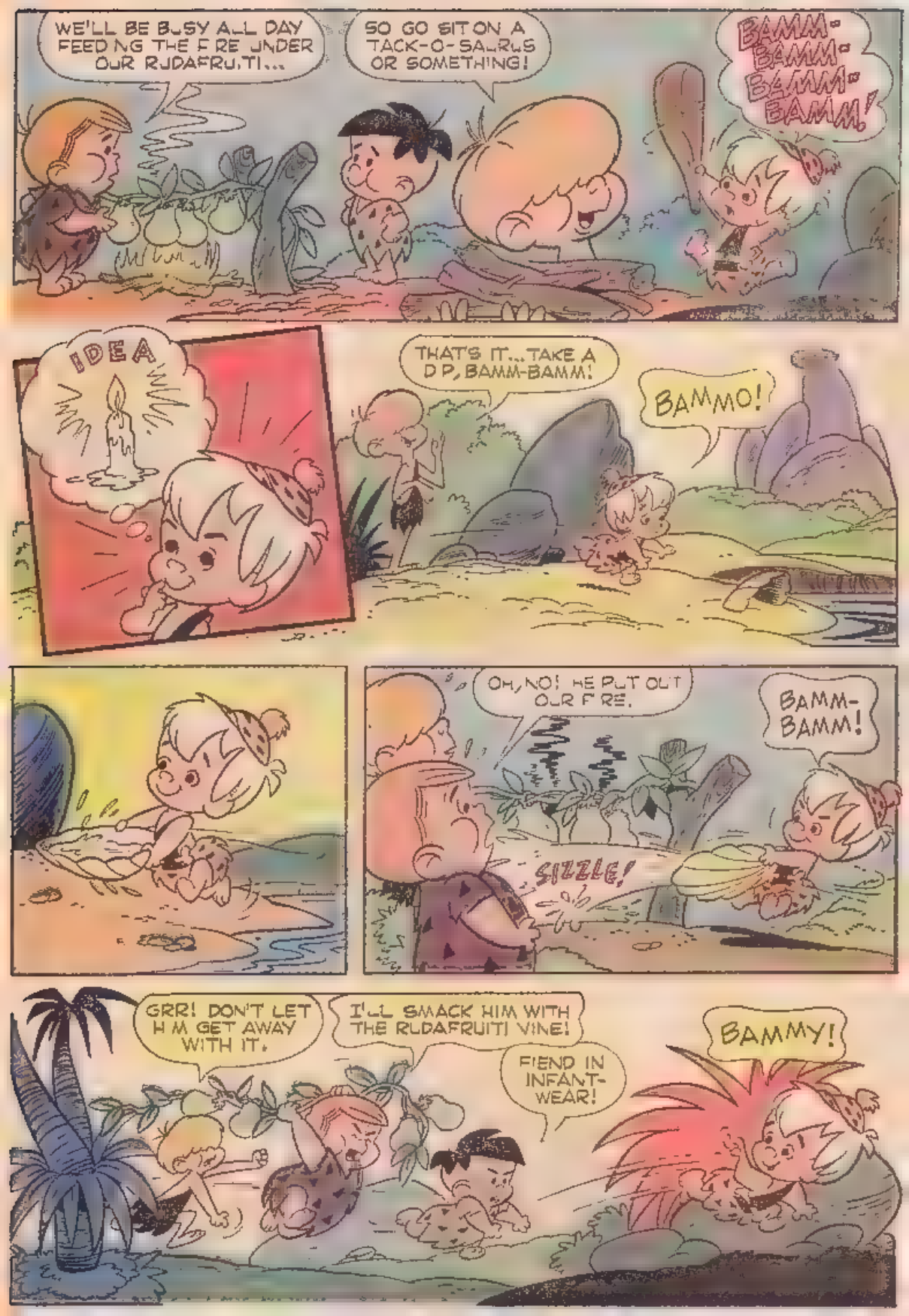
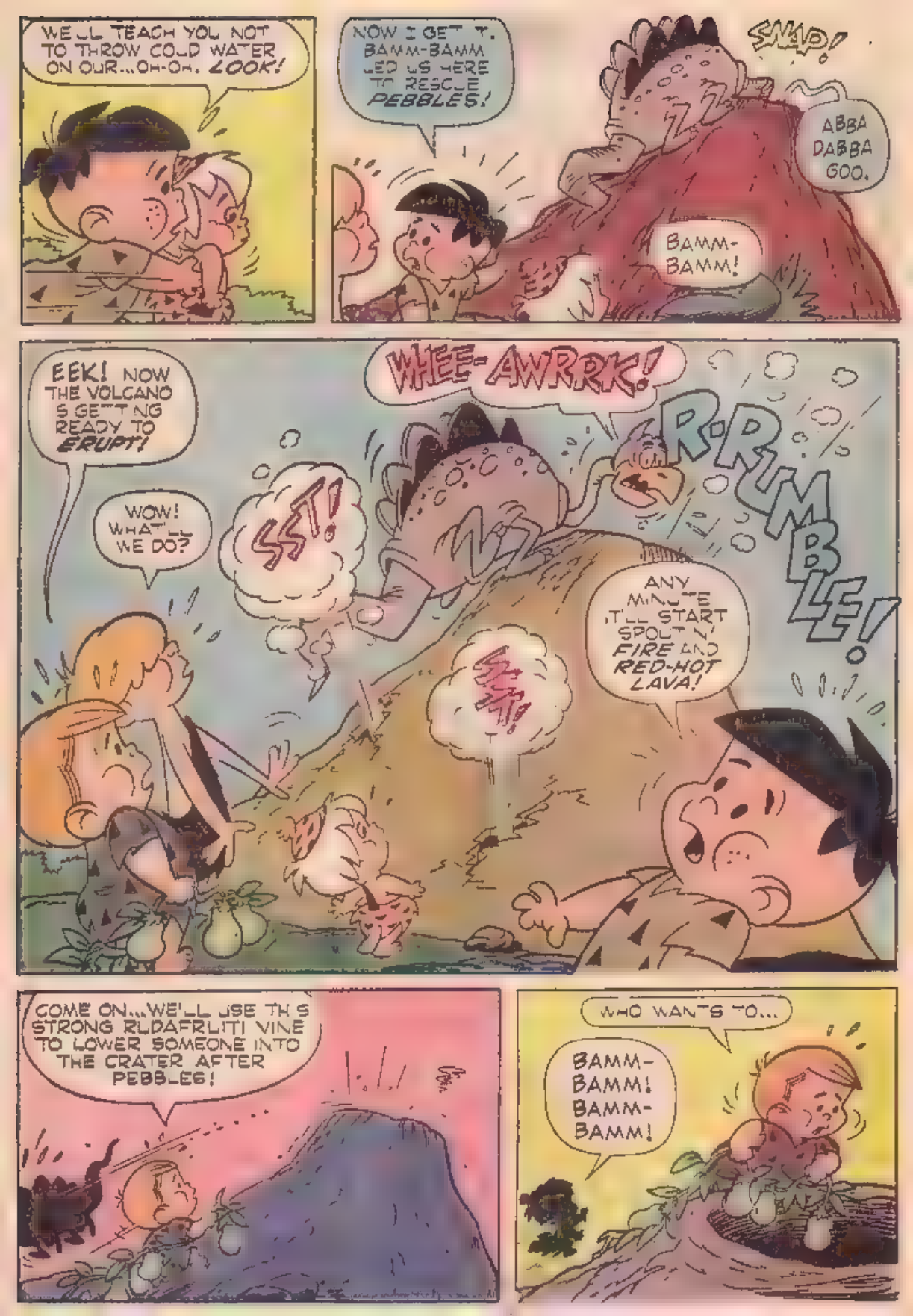
CAVE KIDS
GYPSY CRYSTAL
FORTUNES TOLD


Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS
TO THE RESCUE
BAMM BAMM!
NO, BAMM-BAMM... YOU CAN'T HURT A RAW RUDAFRU TI.. THEY'RE HARD AS ROCK!
IN FACT, THEY'RE NO GOOD FOR EATING T LL THEY VE ROASTED ALL DAY.
BAMM! BAMM!
BAMM BAMM!
SORRY.. I CAN'T PLAY. WE LL BE BUSY ALL DAY KEEP NG THE F RE GO NG UNDER OUR RUDAFRU T.
WHA-A-A-A-A!
I KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO, BAMM-BAMM...
GO AND PLAY W TH PEBBLES, HUH?
BAMMY!
MEANWHILE, PEBBLES HAS A FEATHERED VISITOR...
AWRK!
ABBA-DABBA-GOO,

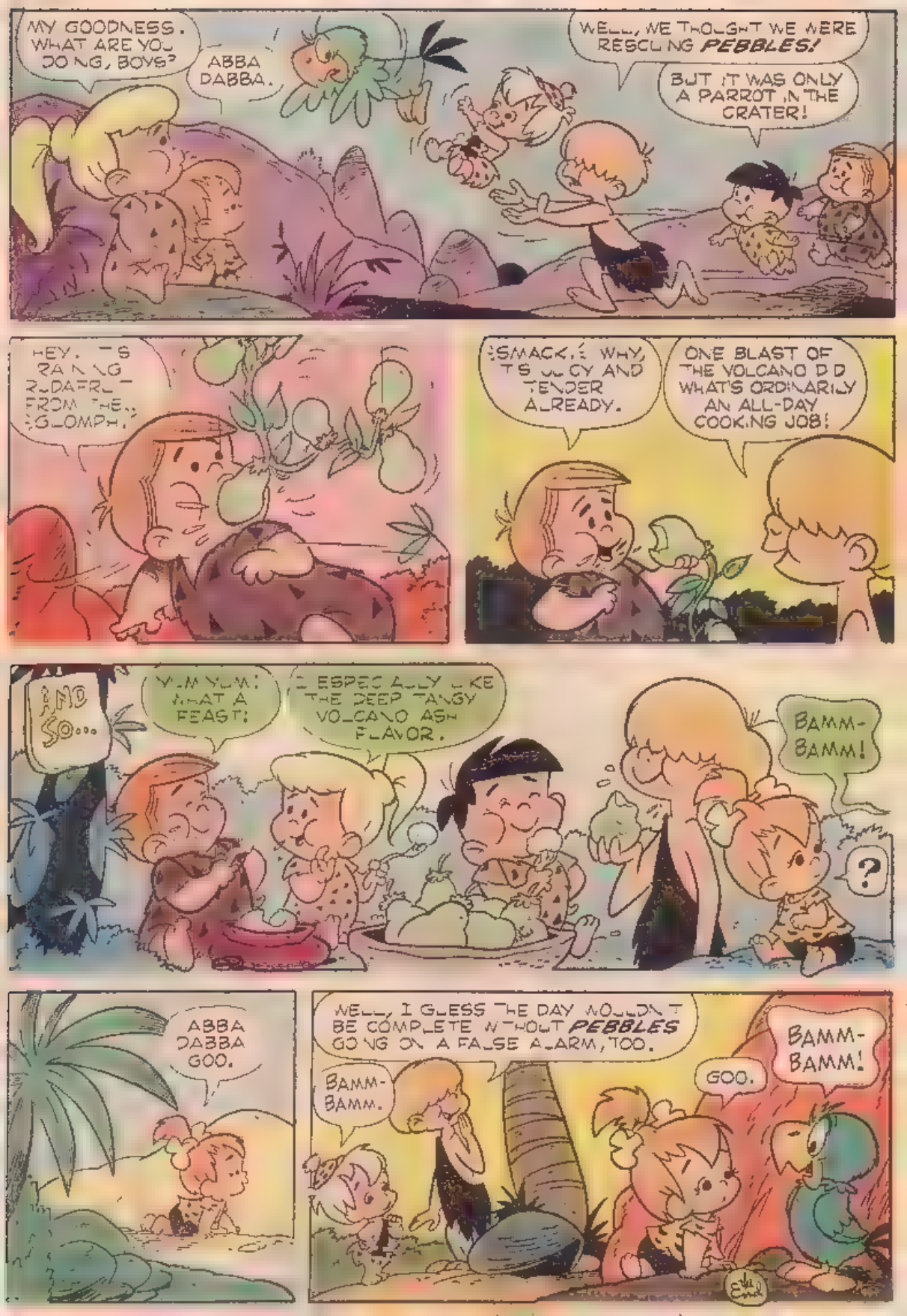

A SMART BIRD, HE LEARNS TO TALK IN NO TIME AT ALL...
ABBA DABBA GOO!
ABBA DABBA GOO!
AND BORED WITH IDLE CHATTER, HE SOON DEPARTS...
ABBA DABBA GOO!
ABBA DABBA GOO!
ABBA DABBA GOO!
A SNAP-O-SAURUS RAISES HIS UGLY HEAD...
SNAP!
AND SO, BAMM-BAMM UNKNOWINGLY IS INVOLVED IN A VERY WILD, WILD-GOOSE CHASE...
BAMM-BAMM-BAMM!
ABBA-DABBA-GOO-GOO!

SNAP! (SNORT:) SNAP:
ABBA- (PUFF-PUFF!) DABBA- G-GOO!
WHEW!
SO, POLLY FINDS A RESTING PLACE ON A LEDGE INSIDE THE CRATER...
SNORT!
BUT FROM BAMM-BAMM'S VIEWPOINT IT IS A SICKENING SITUATION...
:SNORT:
SNAP!
ABBA- DABBA- GOO!
BEING THE HERO-TYPE, HE REACTS IMMEDIATELY BY RUNNING THE OTHER WAY...
...TO SEEK THE HELP OF HIS BIG BUDDIES...
HERE COMES PESTY AGAIN!
BAMM-BAMM!

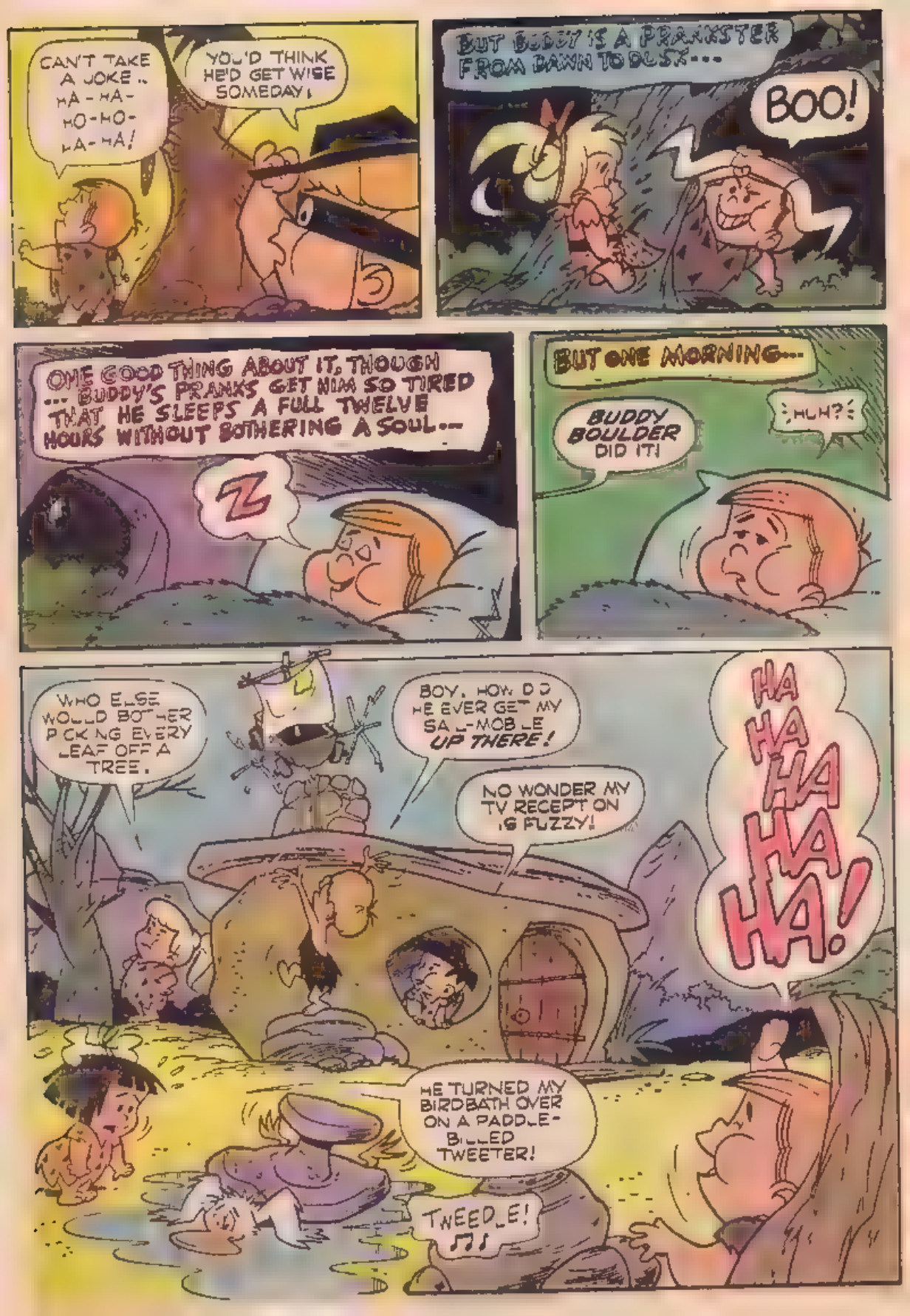

WE'LL BE BUSY ALL DAY FEEDING THE FIRE UNDER OUR RUDAFRUITI...
SO GO SIT ON A TACK-O-SAURUS OR SOMETHING!
BAMM-BAMM-BAMM-BAMM!
IDEA
THAT'S IT...TAKE A DIP, BAMM-BAMM!
BAMMO!
OH, NO! HE PUT OUT OUR FIRE.
BAMM-BAMM!
SIZZLE!
GRR! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT.
I'LL SMACK HIM WITH THE RUDAFRUITI VINE!
FIEND IN INFANT-WEAR!
BAMMY!

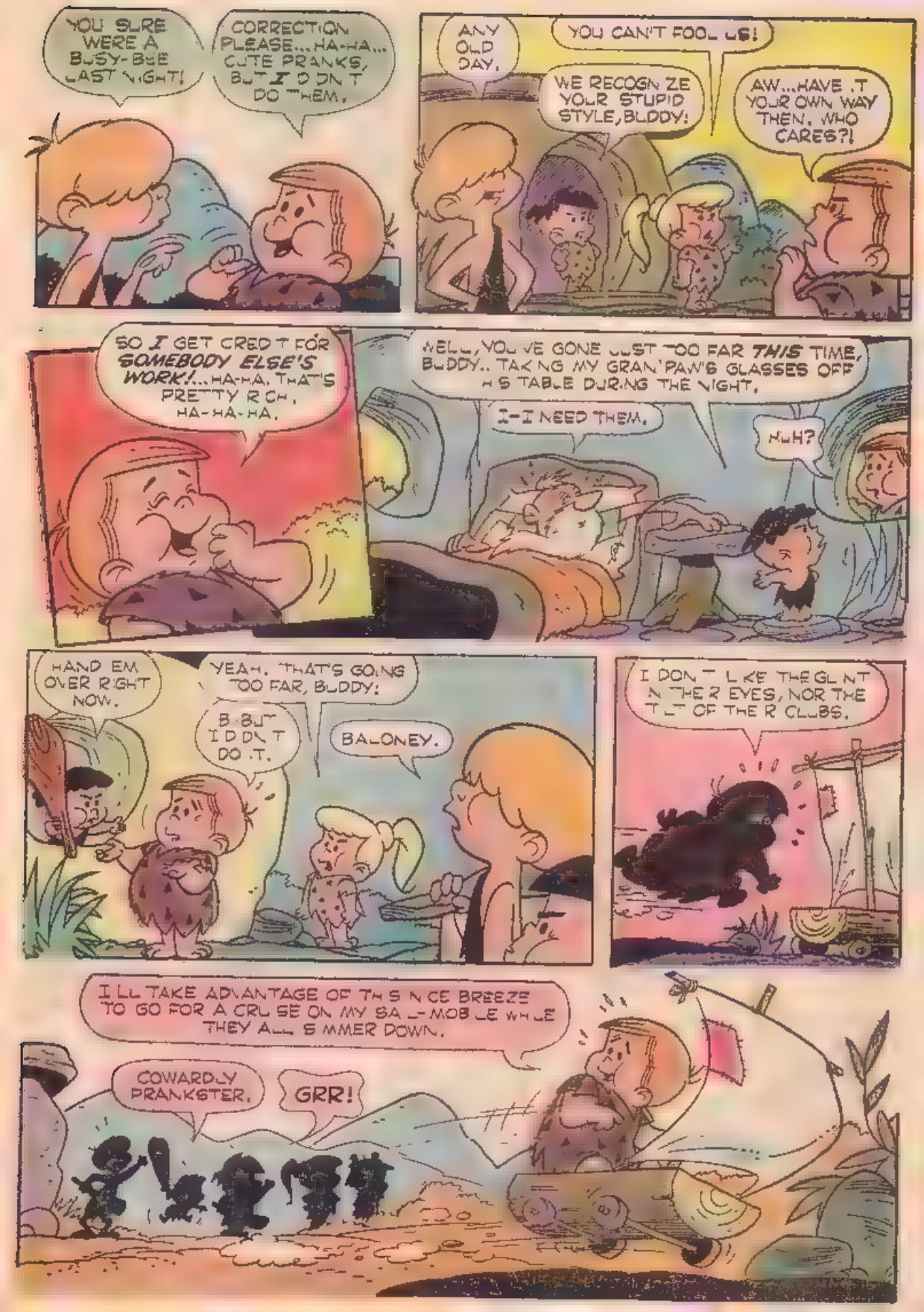

WE'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO THROW COLD WATER ON OUR...OH-OH. LOOK!
NOW I GET IT. BAMM-BAMM LED US HERE TO RESCUE PEBBLES!
SNAP!
ABBA DABBA GOO.
BAMM-BAMM!
EEK! NOW THE VOLCANO'S GETTING READY TO ERUPT!
WHEE-AWRRK!
R-R-UMBLE!
WOW! WHAT'LL WE DO?
SST!
SST!
ANY MINUTE IT'LL START SPOUTIN' FIRE AND RED-HOT LAVA!
COME ON...WE'LL USE THIS STRONG RUBBERLIKE VINE TO LOWER SOMEONE INTO THE CRATER AFTER PEBBLES!
WHO WANTS TO...
BAMM-BAMM! BAMM-BAMM!

GET A GOOD HOLD ON HER AND WE'LL YANK YOU BOTH UP, BOY.
BAMM!
ABBA DABBA GOO!
BAMM-BAMM!
ABBA DABBA?
FOOSH!
ABBA-DABBA-GOO!
BAMM-BAMM!
HUH? A PARROT!?!
RUN. HERE SHE BLOWS!
RUMBLE!
BLOOF!
YEOW! WHAT A PILLAR OF FIRE!

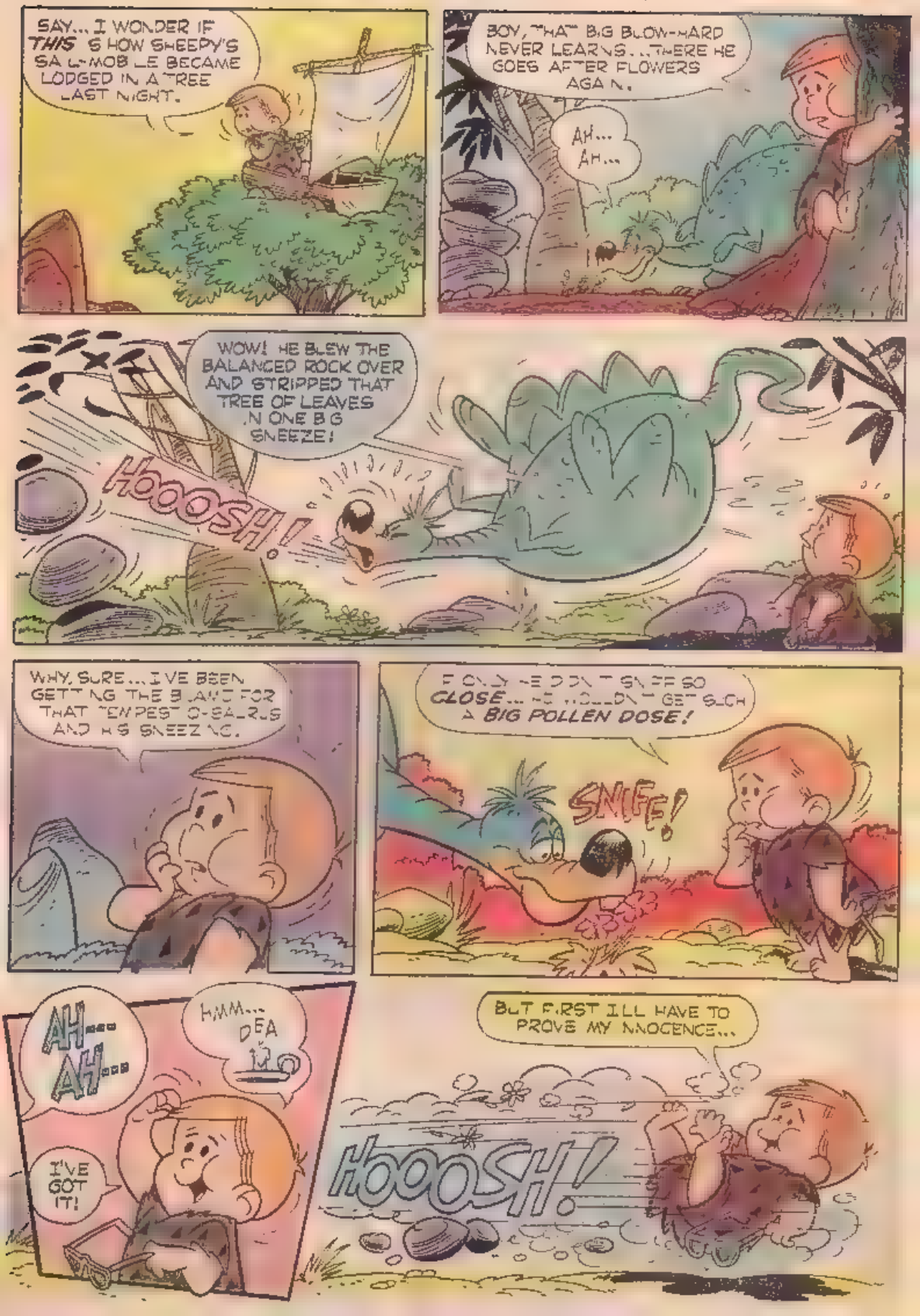

MY GOODNESS. WHAT ARE YOU DOING, BOYS?
ABBA DABBA.
WELL, WE THOUGHT WE WERE RESCUING PEBBLES!
BUT IT WAS ONLY A PARROT IN THE CRATER!
HEY. IS RANG RUDAFRU FROM THE GLOMPH.
SMACK! WHY, IT'S JUICY AND TENDER ALREADY.
ONE BLAST OF THE VOLCANO DID WHAT'S ORDINARILY AN ALL-DAY COOKING JOB!
AND SO...
YUM YUM! WHAT A FEAST!
I ESPECIALLY LIKE THE DEEP TANGY VOLCANO ASH FLAVOR.
BAMM-BAMM!
?
ABBA DABBA GOO.
WELL, I GUESS THE DAY WOULDN'T BE COMPLETE WITHOUT PEBBLES GOING ON A FALSE ALARM, TOO.
BAMM-BAMM.
GOO.
BAMM-BAMM!
THE END

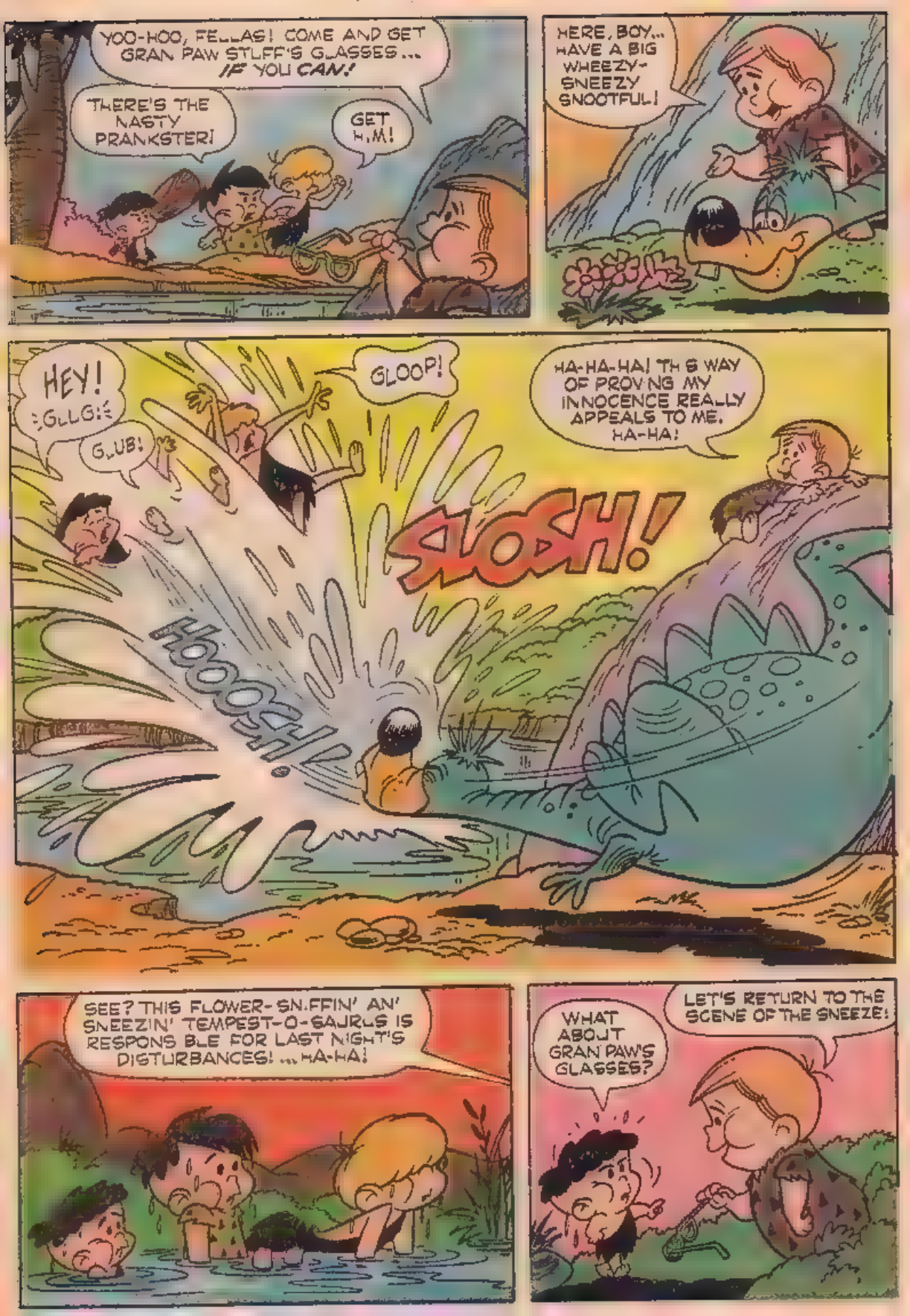
Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS
THE BEASTLY WINDBAG
HEY... IS IT NIGHTTIME ALREADY?
EEK!
WATCH YOUR STEP, ROCKY!
YI-I-I-I!
PLUNK!
(WHEW!) JUST IN TIME.
NUH? NO WONDER! WHILE I WAS NAPPING, SOME PRANKSTER PUT MY MASK ON ME BACKWARDS!
HA-HA-HA! WHAT A SCREAM!
BUDDY BOULDER... YOUR PRANKS AREN'T FUNNY... I COULD'VE BEEN HURT!

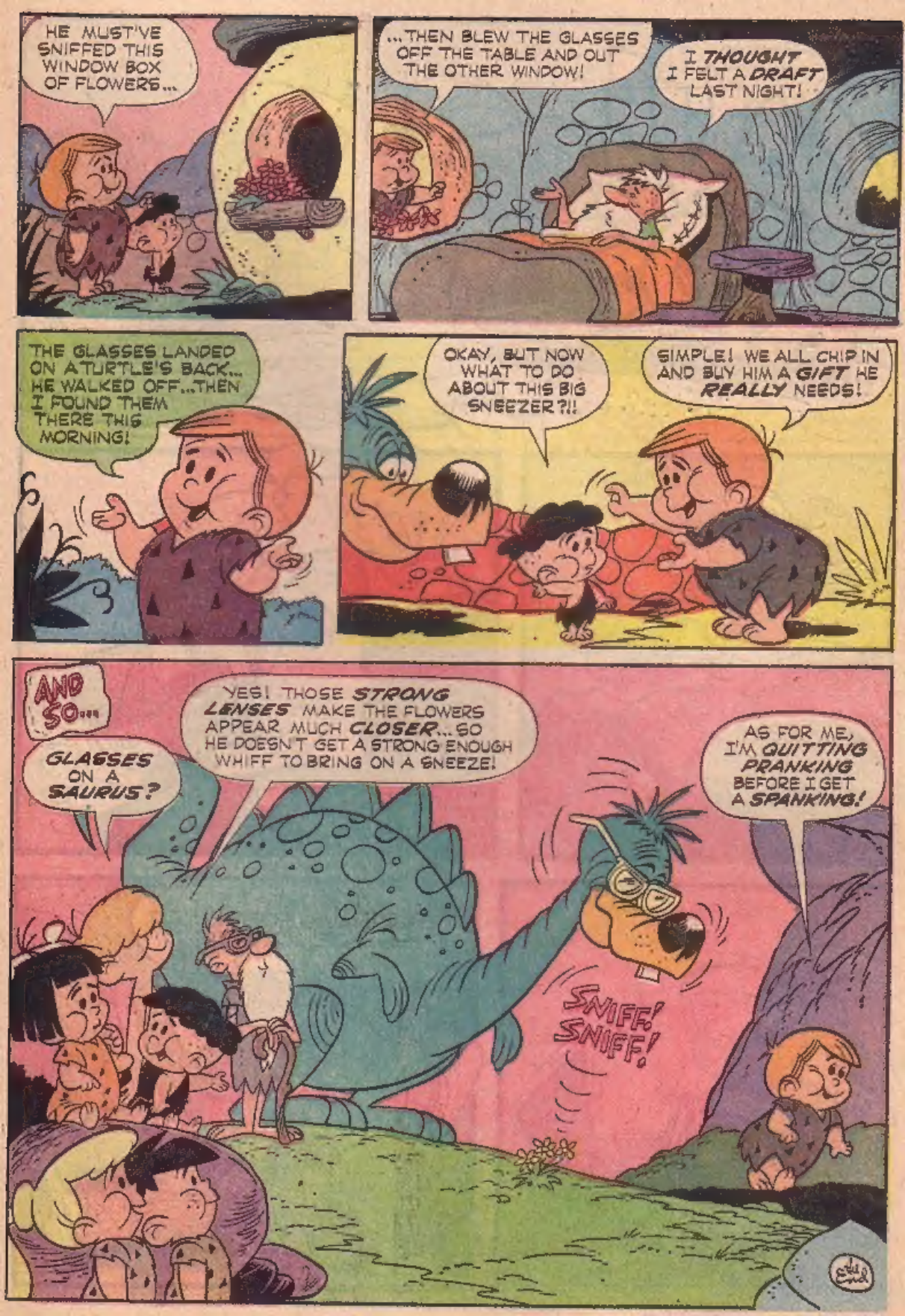

CAN'T TAKE A JOKE .. HA-HA-HO-HO-HA-HA!
YOU'D THINK HE'D GET WISE SOMEDAY!
BUT BUDDY IS A PRANKSTER FROM DAWN TO DUSK...
BOO!
ONE GOOD THING ABOUT IT, THOUGH ... BUDDY'S PRANKS GET HIM SO TIRED THAT HE SLEEPS A FULL TWELVE HOURS WITHOUT BOTHERING A SOUL...
Z
BUT ONE MORNING...
BUDDY BOULDER DID IT!
HUH?
WHO ELSE WOULD BOTHER PICKING EVERY LEAF OFF A TREE.
BOY, HOW DID HE EVER GET MY SAILMOBILE UP THERE!
NO WONDER MY TV RECEPTION IS FUZZY!
HA HA HA HA HA!
HE TURNED MY BIRDBATH OVER ON A PADDLE-BILLED TWEETER!
TWEEDLE!


YOU SURE WERE A BUSY-BEE LAST NIGHT!
CORRECTION PLEASE...HA-HA... CUTE PRANKS, BUT I DON'T DO THEM.
ANY OLD DAY.
YOU CAN'T FOOL US!
WE RECOGNIZE YOUR STUPID STYLE, BUDDY!
AW...HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY THEN. WHO CARES?!
SO I GET CREDIT FOR SOMEBODY ELSE'S WORK!...HA-HA, THAT'S PRETTY RICH, HA-HA-HA.
WELL, YOU'VE GONE JUST TOO FAR THIS TIME, BUDDY.. TAKING MY GRAN'PAW'S GLASSES OFF HIS TABLE DURING THE NIGHT.
I-I NEED THEM.
HUH?
HAND 'EM OVER RIGHT NOW.
YEAH. THAT'S GOING TOO FAR, BUDDY!
B-BUT I DIDN'T DO IT.
BALONEY.
I DON'T LIKE THE GLINT IN THEIR EYES, NOR THE TILT OF THEIR CLUBS.
I'LL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS NICE BREEZE TO GO FOR A CRUISE ON MY SAIL-MOBILE WHILE THEY ALL SIMMER DOWN.
COWARDLY PRANKSTER.
GRR!

SAY... I WONDER IF THOSE ARE GRANPAW STUFF'S GLASSES!
Z
YEP... THEY'RE HIS... THEY SURE MAKE THINGS LOOK BIG!
BZZZZ!
GET AWAY, YOU MONSTER!
SNORT! SNIFF! SNIFF!
HUH? HA-HA! I DON'T MEAN YOU, BIG BOY!
AH-AH-AH...
HMM... I GUESS SNIFFING THOSE POSIES STIRRED UP THE BIG PALOOKA'S HAY FEVER.
AH...
HEY! I'M BEGINNING TO SNEEZE-PATH!
YOW! WHAT A BIG BAG OF WIND!...
I'M AIR-BORNE!
HOOOOOSH!


SAY... I WONDER IF THIS IS HOW SHEEPY'S SAUROBLE BECAME LODGED IN A TREE LAST NIGHT.
BOY, THAT BIG BLOW-HARD NEVER LEARNS...THERE HE GOES AFTER FLOWERS AGAIN.
AH... AH...
WOW! HE BLEW THE BALANCED ROCK OVER AND STRIPPED THAT TREE OF LEAVES IN ONE BIG SNEEZE!
HOOOSH!
WHY, SURE... I'VE BEEN GETTING THE BLAME FOR THAT TEMPEST O'SAURUS AND HIS SNEEZING.
ONLY HE DON'T SNEEZE SO CLOSE... HE WOULDN'T GET SUCH A BIG POLLEN DOSE!
SNIFF!
AH... AH...
HMM... IDEA
I'VE GOT IT!
BUT FIRST I'LL HAVE TO PROVE MY INNOCENCE...
HOOOSH!


YOO-HOO, FELLAS! COME AND GET GRAN PAW STUFF'S GLASSES... IF YOU CAN!
THERE'S THE NASTY PRANKSTER!
GET HIM!
HERE, BOY... HAVE A BIG WHEEZY-SNEEZY SNOOTFUL!
HEY!
:GLLG:
GLUB!
GLOOP!
HA-HA-HA! THIS WAY OF PROVING MY INNOCENCE REALLY APPEALS TO ME. HA-HA!
SLOSH!
HOOOSH!
SEE? THIS FLOWER-SNIFFIN' AN' SNEEZIN' TEMPEST-O-SAURUS IS RESPONSIBLE FOR LAST NIGHT'S DISTURBANCES! ... HA-HA!
WHAT ABOUT GRAN PAW'S GLASSES?
LET'S RETURN TO THE SCENE OF THE SNEEZE!


HE MUST'VE SNIFFED THIS WINDOW BOX OF FLOWERS...
...THEN BLEW THE GLASSES OFF THE TABLE AND OUT THE OTHER WINDOW!
I THOUGHT I FELT A DRAFT LAST NIGHT!
THE GLASSES LANDED ON A TURTLE'S BACK... HE WALKED OFF...THEN I FOUND THEM THERE THIS MORNING!
OKAY, BUT NOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT THIS BIG SNEEZER?!!
SIMPLE! WE ALL CHIP IN AND BUY HIM A GIFT HE REALLY NEEDS!
AND SO...
GLASSES ON A SAURUS?
YES! THOSE STRONG LENSES MAKE THE FLOWERS APPEAR MUCH CLOSER... SO HE DOESN'T GET A STRONG ENOUGH WHIFF TO BRING ON A SNEEZE!
AS FOR ME, I'M QUITTING PRANKING BEFORE I GET A SPANKING!
SNIFF! SNIFF!
THE END

Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS
SUPER MART
MOM... IT LOOKS AS IF WE'LL HAVE SCRAMBLED EGGS FOR DINNER!

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